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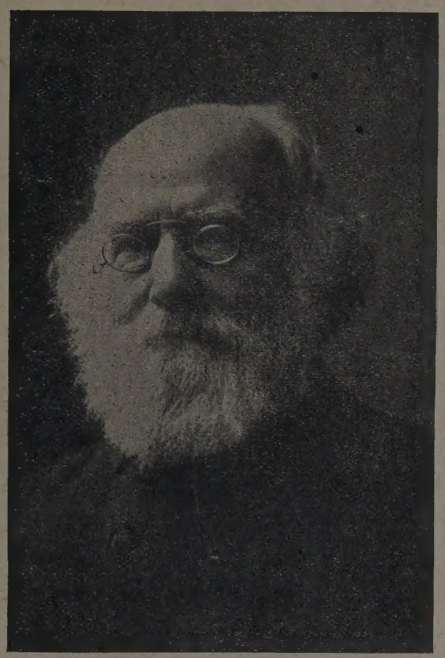
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion



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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905. NUMBER 9

It is enough—
Enough—just to be good!
To lift our hearts where they are understood;
To let the thirst for worldly power and place
Go unappeased; to smile back in God's face
With the glad lips our mothers used to kiss.
Ah! though we miss
All else but this,
To be good is enough!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The extracts from Thoreau's journal, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, make one more evidence of the fundamental sanity of the Concord recluse. The next generation will be more appreciative of Henry Thoreau than the present is, for it will be more ready to pray with him for "deliverance from narrowness, partiality, exaggeration and bigotry."

A Seattle paper reports a discussion of revivals, by Rev. W. D. Simonds, which is timely in many localities. Mr. Simonds deplores the injury done the spiritual interests "by the immense delusion that gives to religion the mystery of the miraculous." He well says: "It is impossible today to conduct a sensational revival upon the basis of truth. They hark back to doctrines now discredited by intelligent people in all churches."

Another timely tract from the *Friends' Intelligence* Office is an address on "The Teacher as a Missionary of Peace," in which some masterpieces of English literature are ingeniously drafted into service. Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," "The Lady of the Lake," "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "After Blenheim," "Before Sedan," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Rule Britannia," and "The Recessional" are enumerated by Professor Stevenson, who writes from the Canadian standpoint.

The *Congregationalist* wisely comments upon the unchristian habit of the Christians in casting aspersions upon the Jews for the tragedies that underlie the history of the Holy Week. It says:

It is untrue and unjust to teach that the Jews as Jews would be any more disposed to crucify Christ than other races would. The common people of the Jews in the time of Jesus were his friends. They followed him in crowds to receive his ministry of healing and to listen to his teaching. Multitudes of them were ready to acknowledge his claims as far as they understood them. Great processions of Jews accompanied him into Jerusalem at the beginning of Holy Week, proclaiming him as their king. All the personal friends of Jesus were Jews. It was to Jews that he committed his gospel, and they gave it to the nations.

The *New India*, published in Calcutta, is a record and review of modern thought and life, which has failed to maintain itself as a twice-weekly publication. It falls back on its weekly habit and its pages show an editorial mind of wide reading and cosmopolitan sympathies. The issue for March 25th contains an interesting article on "Worship," the soul and essence of which it thinks to be meditation. In the evolution of religious worship, sacrifice and ceremonials come first, but later men must realize God in their own souls and read his revelation in the world of matter and of mind.

Duren J. H. Ward, of Iowa City, has been urging ministers to specialize in their studies and then frequently exchange pulpits so that their congregations may be better fed. The churches, he argues, would profit by an adoption of the university extension idea, for each minister would then carry his specialized word to as many fields as possible. But ministers must socialize before they can utilize their specializations. It is the scandal of the modern ministry that it is the most individualistic of professions. The janitors are better organized than the pastors of the modern churches. The ministers of Chicago may well take lessons of the scrub women of Chicago and learn to carry their common burdens by the help of the common wisdom. What is true of Chicago is true of ministers, we suspect, in most places.

It is refreshing to look over some recent publications of the Friends' Conference. They represent a spirit undisturbed by the enthusiasm generated by military triumphs and success in national politics. In a little pamphlet on "Naval and Military Expansion" Jesse H. Holmes, of Swarthmore, ventures to criticise the "great last President who in many respects is worthy to make a third with the Father of his country and the martyr of the slave trade." The passion for an idle navy this writer considers at its best but "meddling and intruding in world affairs. Even a policeman derives his just powers from the consent of the policed. Who has given us a world commission?"

When we take on the function of a lawyer in collecting bad debts for speculative foreigners, or that of forcing an ill-fitting and alien civilization on unwilling peoples who hate us and all our works, we are constituting ourselves not policemen, but at once lawmaker, police, jury, administrator, and, if need be, executioner to such weaker nations as attract our wavering and capricious interest. Washington says: "Avoid the *necessity* for an overgrown military establishment." He says: "Resist with care . . . innovations upon the spirit of the constitution." He says: "Have caution that your administration does not exceed its warrant."

Ex-President Cleveland has ventured to speak in the *Ladies' Home Journal* a word derogatory of the women's club movement, in which he finds a menace to the home. On the contrary the *Woman's Journal* of last week comments upon the growth of the woman's club movement as a great feature of the larger emancipation movement. Certainly Mrs. Lucinda Stone, of Kalamazoo, Mich., the accredited

"Mother of women's clubs," did start a movement of great significance, a movement that has resulted in many lives and communities almost to a social revolution; a movement that has put women in possession of their own powers to a remarkable extent, but, like all fractional and provisional things, it is self-limiting. We see a menace in the women's club movement of quite another character than that emphasized by ex-President Cleveland. It menaces society more than the home when it perfects such elaborate and far-reaching sex organization which confessedly and intentionally excludes the other sex. The bad results on home and society of these uni-sexual organizations is much more evident on the male than on the female side. But in view of the grave dangers, it ill becomes either sex to justify their exclusiveness by the plea of "You're another"! Retaliation even in self defense is a poor instrument of progress. There is no organized interests in the community against which, consciously or unconsciously, the women's clubs militate so effectually as against the church. For it is an obvious fact that however loyal the club woman may be to "my church" in her claims, the simple fact remains that the energy and enthusiasm, the leadership and devotion that once were given by the mother and wife to the church-home, whose privileges she was so anxious to extend to her husband and children, are now given to the club. There she is prompt, regular, insistent. At the church activities she is irregular, intermittent and the victim of "so many things to do" that prevent. Back of this estrangement from the church on the part of the club women who unquestionably represent the better educated, more favored, more gifted women of society, lies the other sorry fact that the church fails in so many instances to satisfy either the intellectual, ethical or spiritual longings of these women. In many directions the club has educated them beyond the present status of the church. The real question then is, Is the club to permanently supplant the church in their lives, or are the women, educated by the club, to realize the limitations of the club and to discover the fundamental verities and the lasting need of the church, to return to the fold, help redeem and restore it as the great social as well as ethical conserver of society, the larger home, the true social club, where husbands, sons and small daughters find common ground and communion in the interest of the higher things? The last word has not yet been spoken concerning women's clubs; the last work has not been done, and all the dangers have not been foreseen.

Some Recent Reading of New Books.

To one reader at least "The Marriage of William Ashe"[1] by Mrs. Humphrey Ward is a great disappointment. Like "Lady Rose's Daughter" it is a "Society Novel," and a very sensational one at that. We cannot see how the intrigues, vulgarities, petty jealousies and social ambitions of high life are any more edifying than the similar experiences in low life or the more excusable realms of the "newly rich" and the "fashionable circles" of the money makers on the American boulevards. Mrs. Ward ought to know what the possibilities of English nobility are in this direction and presumably we ought to take her word for it, but we are loath to believe that so much silliness and badness belong to the court life of England.

In "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve," "Eleanor" and "Sir George Tressady" Mrs. Ward revealed her profound insight into the social and religious problems of the day, and the students of George Eliot hailed her as in the noble succession. These last two books of Mrs. Ward show the same literary dexterity, graphic description, brilliant dialogue and broad culture, but we sadly miss the prophet-tones through the first half or more of this last book, although we have in the closing chapters a noble ending of a most trying book. The most commendable chapters in the book are those that give the dear little Dean a chance to make his high plea for a wayward and erratic soul. With such penetration does he enter into the very heart of the gospel, not only of the Christ but of the God of the Christ and of nature that we forget the ignobleness of English nobility here portrayed,—the cigarette-smoking women, the silly flirtations, the wicked extravagances, the tiresome shows and the cruel, cruel jealousies of women's hearts. From all this we should love to take shelter in our ignorance, but Margaret French is a character that would make any book a noble and a notable one. Jeffrey Cliffe and "Manan" we are compelled to take as impossible characters; the one too base, the other too foolish to exist so long on earth. There are other characters in the book obviously too true to history and to life.

It is a far cry from a literary point of view, from Mrs. Ward's "William Ashe" to Algernon Sidney Crapsey's "The Greater Love,"[2] but there is here the same fearless facing of the most perplexing ethical problem of modern life, viz., how to be just to the wayward woman; at least as just to her as to the wayward man. Mr. Crapsey is a minister, an active pastor in the Episcopal church. Much of the writing is evidently the result of first hand experience and the indications are that the whole story is based on some veritable experiences.

The revelations given here of the hard and trying side of city life are at least too true. Whether or not any minister could do what Dr. Suydam did do in the way of befriending and eventually reclaiming a foolish girl, more sinned against than sinning, we are not prepared to discuss, but fortunately the questions of duty are simpler than the questions of expediency. That every minister under similar circumstances should try to do what Dr. Suydam did do is perfectly clear, and that the benignant results indicated in the book or something better could be attained would be the result, the present writer at least persists in believing. This is not a great story but it is a searching book;

(1) "The Marriage of William Ashe," Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Harpers, $1.50.

(2) "The Greater Love," Algernon Sidney Crapsey, The Abbey Press, New York.

one that has peculiar significance and appeal to the minister of today.

The present writer having incidentally alluded to the romances based on the story of Johnny Appleseed in the sermon published in last week's UNITY, owes it to the readers of UNITY to say this week that since the writing of the sermon he has read Dr. Hillis's "Quest of John Chapman"[3] and the humbler book by Rev. James F. McGaw, entitled "Philip Seymour: or Pioneer Life in Richland County, Ohio,"[4] and that he has found pleasure and profit in the reading. Mr. Hillis has made good use of the general theme and has successfully entered into the spirit of the pioneer. He knows the forces that made for the civilization of the middle west, but in John Chapman himself he has spoiled the pioneer in making a hero and has sadly neglected some interesting possibilities in the story itself.

In "Philip Seymour" we have a story which needed the backing of a local historical society to give it existence. It is evidently the work of an amateur; all the more valuable is it to the historian and the student of the life of the clearings.

A careful re-reading of Dr. R. Heber Newton's "Parsifal"[5] demands an added word of commendation. Having had occasion for sermon uses to run through the "Parsifal" literature made current by the present interpretations in America, we have no hesitation in saying that our friend, Dr. Newton, has furnished not only the most readable but the most penetrating interpretation of the Wagner masterpiece. This is so well done that without the presentation but with the text as translated by Oliver Huckel it will glow not only with artistic beauty but with spiritual significance and ethical inspiration.

Evidently Walt Whitman's oft reiterated hope that his book should be kept intact and that "Leaves of Grass" should retain its single complete and unique edition, prepared by his own hand, is to count for naught. Out of our respect for the wish of the dead author, we resented the "Selections" of Oscar L. Triggs, albeit the work was well done and the volume a convenient one. But now that Whitman's own literary executor, Horace Traubel, has "edited" a volume of selections entitled "The Book of Heavenly Death"[6] for the Thomas Mosher print shop of Portland, Maine, we have nothing more to say; it must be; we bow to the inevitable, and we confess to have taken up the volume with great satisfaction, happy that this great printer-poet was to find so sympathetic a printer-interpreter as Mr. Mosher. Surely no modern poet has spoken so freely, lovingly and heroically of death as has Walt Whitman. The volume is to our liking and to our need. All the more keen is our disappointment that the indispensable element to a just appreciation or understanding of any "extracts," to the initiated or the uninitiated, is omitted, viz., the adequate reference to the sources from which these dismembered movements are taken. So keen is our disappointment in this respect that we must record our regret and enter respectful protest against such vivisection. If due credits had been given these significant extracts would have opened the way for further study and appreciation of the context; without them we have simply a book of quotations, unrelated extracts which to the eye seem continuous, but to the mind suggest dismemberments many. The mind of the present writer refuses to be blindly led even to high lines. Perhaps some day Mr. Mosher will add a page to the index, indicating the source of these sections and then we will have a book indeed that will not only reward study but will suggest further study.

(3) "The Quest of John Chapman," Newell Dwight Hillis, The Macmillan Company.

(4) "Philip Seymour; or Pioneer Life in Richland County, Ohio," James F. McGaw, A. J. Baughman, Mansfield, Ohio.

(5) "Parsifal," R. Heber Newton, Upland Farms Alliance, Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y.

(6) "The Book of Heavenly Death," Walt Whitman, compiled by Horace Traubel, Thomas Mosher, Portland, Me.

The City of Books.

O city of my fond retreat!
Within thy bounds no discords beat;
Thy clear chimes echo starry calms;
Thy peaceful parks breathe blossom balms;
Thy very suburbs stretch away
To fields forever green with May,
Where visions wing and vistas gleam,
With lures to loiter and to dream!

To fright thy courts no war-cry falls,
Nor whir of wheels within thy wall;
Adown thy streets nor strife nor stress,
But leisure for lifes loveliness;
Yet idlers none thy dwellers be—
Thralled each in some high industry—
The gardeners of deathless blooms,
The weavers of mind's mighty looms,
The singers of immortal songs—
With these I mingle in thy throngs!

O city of my dear desire!
To reach thy rest my days aspire;
Content to toil, content to roam,

If but the twilight bring me home,
Fain for the welcome that awaits
World-wearied ones within thy gates!

Edith Hope Kinney, in The Outlook.

Love.

It is in love all beauty dwells,
And all inspiring grace,
Its comforting of good compels
Our souls to seek God's face!

And He is near us all the while,
He prompts us to the deed,
And love itself is but the smile—
Whereby His mind we read!

About us earth is emptiness,
And time a struggle sore,
But when His love our heart doth bless,
There's joy forevermore!

Then want is not, nor any care,
Nor fear—the while we tread
The pathways of our spirit's prayer,
God's sunshine round us shed!

It is in love true gladness dwells,
'Tis there God's heaven must be,
And heart that in its faith excels
Lives in eternity!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Not as I will! The darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals,
Like whispered voice, to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.

—*H. H.*

THE PULPIT.

Confirmation Class Sermon.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, APRIL 16, 1905.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. iv. 23.

The Bible is full of "heart" texts. The heart was a favorite word of the Hebrew writers.

"Create in me a new heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

"Let mine heart be sound in thine statutes."

"Let the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, Oh Lord."

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God"—

are some of the Psalmist's texts.

"Why doth thine heart carry thee away?"—

says the writer of Job:

"My son, give me thy heart."

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

"I said in my heart, God will judge the righteous and the wicked,"

says the writer of Ecclesiastes.

"Blessed are the pure in heart,"

says Jesus, while Paul exclaims,

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness,"

and he further talks about

"the veiled and unveiled heart of man."

Now the people of Israel were not peculiarly emotional. Indeed, the prophets ar suspected, wrongfully, perhaps, of not doing justice to the love side of religion. So "heart" in the Bible sense must have a broader meaning than that given to it in modern speech—the home of the affections, the organ of love. The heart in the Bible sense is the source of thought as well as of feeling; the fountain of action as well as of love. It is the core of being, that hidden citadel out of which come, unbidden and oftentimes uncontrollable, thoughts, feelings, actions. These writers antedated the modern metaphysics, convenient but treacherous, which divides the soul into parts or compartments like a modern postoffice, putting the will in one, the heart in another and the mind in another; or assuming that the power of thought and the power of love and the power of action represent distinct elements, separate compartments of the soul. They apprehended the profounder truth that the soul is one and that this unity is concerned in every act. The heart is the sum total of one's spiritual possessions; it is the subterranean source of the fountain we call "life"; it is a central citadel of being.

When Wisdom pleads with the young man for his heart it asks him for the consecration of all his energies. Our text pleads with the youth to "keep the heart with all diligence, because out of it are the issues of life." And so the word "heart" here means what we mean by "affection" and more; what we mean by "intellect" and more; what we call the "will" and more. It means all these. It would be well for us in these days of science to profit by the insight of the old Hebrew and remember that the religion of the heart means something more than affection. Love languishes without ideas. Ideas are to be distrusted when not clarified by love. When the prophet used the word "heart" I think he meant something very near what we mean when we say "character." The "I do believe" of the creeds, the largest conclusions of philosophy, the greatest doctrines, rattle like dry peas in a pod in the more capacious chambers of the devout heart. The heart is more than the intellect, and so the rites, sacraments and ceremonies may be important helps; but the religious heart knows that these represent but a small section of the holy life. The heart says, "Mistake not means for ends. Forms are beautiful, but religion is larger than any or all forms."

And again, when the advocate of the religion of emotion breaks into his "hallelujahs" and ecstatic "amens" the heart protests against this unthinking heartiness; it realizes that unreasoning love is always in danger of becoming unlovely. A religion of the heart that ignores the religion of the head weakens the heart. The central forces of life cannot be satisfied with shouting; rhapsody is not an excuse for the lack of reason.

The religion of the heart is something larger even than the word "duty." Life is more than action; more than the courage to do; more than high achievement. Duty must be changed into joy, and effort must rise into serenity. The great soul achieves much, but it halos the highest achievement with an atmosphere of trust, of peace and serenity. The monks of the olden time tortured the flesh; their religion called for severe sacrifices. The religion of the heart protests and says, "Cheerless duty is undutiful. *Grim* integrity represents a spiritual defaulter." The religion of the heart represents man in his wholeness. It teaches him to love what is fair with an ardor that requires all the strength of reason to discover and all the power of the will to interpret.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." This text, rightly understood, asks for something more than high passions and noble sentiment; for unenlightened passion ends in passionless lives unless every impulse is precipitated on earnest work. The religion of the heart is related to the religion of creed, of form, of emotion, of a conduct, not as a part opposed to part, but as the whole related to a part. To find the beautiful, the good, the true, requires all the resources of our nature. True religion is the all-of-man permeated through and through with an all-pervading sense of God. This great heart is interpreted by Browning's lines:

"How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy."

The pure heart, the sound core, the strong spirit, finding good within, dares look the universe in the face, recognizing therein the features of the Divine. Feeling this pulsing power within, the heart discovers the Omnipotent everywhere; having faith in the least things he dare not distrust the greatest, and so the soul continues to sing:

"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it?"

When in the language of my text I plead that the heart be kept with all diligence, I plead for soundness at the core. The love between man and woman not founded in thought and justified by judgment, will bring disappointment and defeat. On the other hand, no thinker can travel far on any lines of the universe unless he be also a lover. A good thinker must be a loving spirit. John Stuart Mill, one of the great thinkers of his age, marked a new epoch in his life when he discovered that the page before him was moistened by tears that fell in sympathy with the sorrows of another, though the sorrowing one was but a character in the pages of a novel. That service is irksome to the laborer and unacceptable to the employer which is illuminated by thought and love.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence." You cannot do it, my child, unless you keep your head also; and both thought and feeling prove unprofitable and unreliable if they are not harnessed to action; if they do not lead to conduct. Acts are the counters that represent the currency deposited in the bank of character. The heart, then, represents your accumulations as well as your inheritance; the great gift given you at birth

augmented by the accumulated experience, the acquired aptitudes, the interest on the capital invested. The effort and thought of your fore-elders, plus the effort, thought and love of your own lives, represent your heart capital. The father's struggles underlie the daughter's peace. The mother's tears make possible the son's smiles. Whatever, then, increases the dimensions of your being, adds to your capacity of enjoyment, enlarges your vision or deepens your love, preserves and enriches your heart.

After the great Chicago fire in 1872, the students of Cornell, wishing to do something to renew the life of the stricken city and to encourage the noble men and women who were demonstrating that spirit was more powerful than any fire that can burn up the material things, offered the great blacksmith-preacher, Robert Collyer, a thousand dollars for a horse shoe made by his own hand. The very venerable Mr. Collyer has recently been telling the story of that horse shoe. He tells how he went into a friend's smithy on the North Side with misgivings. For twenty years he had been a stranger to the anvil, and he was afraid that his hand had lost its cunning. But the nerves and muscles had preserved their training; the eye had not lost its commanding accuracy. The shoe was readily formed and the blacksmith neighbor in whose smithy it was forged pronounced it good. The name was stamped into the iron and a notary witnessed to the genuineness of the article. In due time the Cornell boys sent their check for a thousand dollars, and that horse shoe is now one of the coveted treasures of the Cornell Museum. The horse shoe became so famous that in due time it led to bringing across the sea the little old bell that used to hang over the Yorkshire shop and summon the 'prentice boy, "Bobbie" Collyer, to his tasks. And now the bell summons hundreds of Ithaca student boys to their shop work day by day, reminding them of the dignity of labor, the poetry of the crafts, the culture that lies in skilled hands and the fraternity of labor. Not every man that can turn a horse shoe can sell the same to university boys for a thousand dollars, but every man who can make a good horse shoe is in possession of a power that has cost more than a thousand dollars and is worth immeasurably more than the cost; for this trained skill is an "issue" that proves the well-furnished heart.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence," said the old Hebrew. Jesus called this very heart-keeping the "Gospel"—the good news. In modern phrase we call this heart-keeping "character," which, as Dr. Bartol said, "is the stone that cuts all other stones, the diamond, the most useful as well as the most beautiful of gems."

Robert Collyer's horse shoe is not a solitary or exceptional product. See the pioneer on Dakota's bleak prairie building a sod house into which he is soon to bring a blushing bride; see half-naked men moving to and fro in front of the various furnaces filled with iron as white and as fluid as milk; see grimy miners turning the creaking winch at the mouth of the murky coal pit; see the colored men in Mississippi singing while they plant and cultivate the cotton; see the shepherds of Arizona in grim seriousness guarding their flocks from the depredations of wolves, with no time to play with them or to make jolly over a captured wolf dead or alive; see the quarrymen wrestling with granite blocks, the builder with bird-like poise, walking the dizzy beam above; see the farmer tending his cattle, his children feeding the chickens, his wife watching her babes. In all these you see a sacramental offering. In all this work there is a precipitation of heart. All this output comes from the unfathomable depths of being that give individuality and personality. Out of these offerings little ones are fed, clothed and schooled. The grimy sweat of coarsest labor is related to the sacrificial drops of bloody sweat that fell from the Master's brow on Gethsemane, for, as Lewis Morris sings:

> "Well has it been said that
> Toil is the law of life.
> It is the medicine of grief,
> The remedy wherefrom Life giveth his beloved sleep."

The lowest labor honestly rendered has in it more of religion than the highest indolence, because it draws from the hidden fountain of life, which the old Bible calls the "heart." Something of that heart goes into every effort; something of saving grace is in every projection of life. The arm that wields the ax, uses the shovel, holds the plow, or in these days drops the seed, however lowly, is engaged in a priestly function.

But there is something more to be said about this labor. Not Robert Collyer's horse shoe but his lecture on "Clear Grit" is the best interpreter of the Collyer heart. The highest issue from that fountain, so diligently kept, has been his output at the pulpit, not at the forge. They who delve for truth render higher service than they who bring up the coal and iron out of the shallower shafts of nature. God's bravest mariners sail on seas more lonely than the Atlantic. They are the diviner cultivators who plant beauty and grow thought; they who

> "Midst misery and foul infected air."

befriend the friendless, best represent that ritual of love; they are the issues of the well-kept heart.

"Laborare est orare" sang the monk of St. Benedict; "To labor is to pray," but the higher labor makes the higher prayer. So we may well continue the lines of Lewis Morris in his Ode of Life:

> "Aye, labor, thou are blest,
> From all the earth thy voice a constant prayer,
> Soars upward day and night;
> A voice of aspiration after right;
> A voice of effort yearning for its rest;
> A voice of high hope conquering despair."

When we think of these "issues" of the human heart as the offerings of religion, we realize how much more piety there is in the world than our churches make exhibit of. More hymns of praise are daily wafted heavenward than are in our hymn books. There is more religion, more holiness, aye, more Christianity in the world than the census report would indicate. In the rare moments the heart knows that all reality is revelation of God, all beauty is heavenly, all truth divine, all love sacred.

How are you to guard this fountain of life, to "keep the heart with all diligence" that the issues thereof may be more worthy?

The citizens of Chicago have recently had an opportunity of witnessing a beautiful rendition of Wagner's great religious drama, "Parsifal." In this drama of the soul, the greatest musician of modern times if not the most synthetic artist of all times, made architecture, painting, sculpture, poetry and music, all the fine arts, combine in a supreme effort to reveal to the heart the ideal, to move the spirit with a holy passion, to kindle the will with a divine purpose. This drama that fascinated the eye and the ear builds on the beautiful legends of the middle ages which sought through story to teach the soul the high lessons of life.

The Holy Grail was the cup that passed from lip to lip at the farewell supper of Jesus and his disciples; it was the same cup that caught the blood that a few

hours later flowed from the pierced side of the Crucified One. This cup and the spear that pierced the innocent heart were the holy relics entrusted to a fraternity of holy men dwelling on Mont Salvat in Spain. These sanctities fed body and soul and kept the sacred brotherhood joyful, serene, triumphant. But Klingsor, the evil-minded, being refused admission into the holy brotherhood, reared on the adjoining mountain his palaces and gathered his followers in the spirit of evil. In his dominion black magic triumphed as on the adjoining mount white magic obtained. Through his wiles, Amfortas, the king of the Mount of Salvation, yielded and the spear was lost. The Holy Grail lost its power and Amfortas suffered from a wound in his side that would not heal. He sought far and near for remedies, but no healing fountain, no soothing balm, no potent simple could heal the wound. There was no help save in regaining the holy spear and this recovery could come only by the hand of one whose heart was pure, a guileless soul. The brotherhood looked far and waited long until at last Parsifal came, a youth whom his mother had sequestered in far off desert land lest he might hear the call to knighthood and should go forth and be lost to her as his father had done before him. But the pageantry of knighthood did pass his way, he heard the trumpet blast, he saw the gallant riders, his heart bounded for action and he strayed far away in search of adventure. He appears within the boundaries of Mont-Salvat rejoicing in the triumph of his bow that brought down a spotless swan. Unwittingly he had taken a life that was esteemed sacred by the holy brotherhood, but when his heart realized the sacrilege he was moved with pity and broke his bow and flung it away. He passed to serve his apprenticeship, to learn the role of the true knight by enduring hardness like a good soldier and resisting the temptations of association and of passion. At last he ripens into full knighthood, with his guileless heart he recaptures the sacred spear, which heals the flowing wound in Amfortas's breast, the domain of the wicked Klingsor crumbles and the regnancy of Mont-Salvat is triumphantly restored.

The story of Parsifal is the story of every youth who seeks to "keep his heart with all diligence. The lessons of this song drama are many; I can count but few of them with you this morning.

The mother of Parsifal, though a holy woman, was not wise. She could not keep her son to herself or to purity by exclusion. Purity of heart comes not through isolation; ignorance is not innocence. Richard Wagner falsely derives the name "Parsifal" from the Arabic "Fal"—a fool; "Parsifal"—the foolish pure one. A truer derivation is from Peredur of the Welsh tales of King Arthur, which means the pure, not the silly or the simple. Innocence is based in wisdom. Knowledge is the most efficient shield of the pure heart. So if you would "keep your heart with all diligence," go forth into the world, take your place in life. Every new word is a new weapon to fight away the evil forces. Foolishness is irreverence; ignorance is impiety; indifference rests in stupidity. Train the powers nature has endowed you with. However much abused, "culture" is still an indispensable word in the vocabulary of youth. The school room is one of the vestibules of the temple of the Most High. The true teacher is prophet and priest to the growing mind. If you would "keep your heart with all diligence," increase your store of knowledge, widen your vision.

"The learned eye is still the loving one," and "Growing thought makes growing reverence."

Do not mistake the simplicity of ignorance for the single-mindedness of him who at the market of life has invested in the "priceless treasure," or of her who in the multiplicity of opportunities and claims has chosen the better part.

Again, Parsifal must needs not only *see* the world, but he must *face* it. He cannot escape temptation, but he must meet it. The sacred spear can be held only by the developed arm. Religion is not a spasm, but a struggle; not the confession of an hour, but the travail of years. Conversion? Yes. Not once but many times you must turn round and go in the other direction, but after you have faced the right way, then you must climb. Nothing great comes easily; few blessings happen. The powers of the soul—the "heart" as the Bible would call it—is more in danger of crumbling from inactivity, dying from dry rot than it is of being wearied by a great effort or wasted by high endeavors.

My young friends, do not be deceived. It is not easy for anyone to be good. Neither virtue nor excellence comes without struggle. Goodness comes high. Self-control and world-control come through self-denial and self-discipline. "Keep thy heart with all diligence." This is not a matter of hoarding, but of investment. It is easier to make money than to make character. It is a shorter road to wealth than to nobility. There are more good mathematicians, skillful chemists, ready botanists turned out of our schools than there are high-minded young men and women. Effort, effort, effort, and more effort alone brings Parsifal to the holy mount. Jesus had to carry his own cross up to Gethsemane, and it is very much the same price that you and I, the young and the old, must pay for the Christly attainments.

After knowledge and after struggle comes the cumulative power which we call "habit." The knights of the world serve long apprenticeships. The venerable guardian on Mont-Salvat lost his hope in Parsifal when he saw that the boy was unmoved by the holy mysteries of the sacred communion. He cast him out; but he reckoned not on the power of growth. We hear much about the power of a bad habit, not nearly enough about the power of a good habit. When did the musician gain his skill? Which one of the ten thousand strokes of the hammer broke the canon's trunnion? The musician's skill came all the way along. Every stroke of the hammer contributed towards the broken trunnion.

Says E. P. Powell: "Instead of man being created by God, he has had for the most part to create himself, and this he does by slow accumulation of efforts, by steadily piling up attempts until at last success blooms."

Habit is the penny savings bank which will surely accumulate a fund equal to the great emergency. Oh, my young friends, if you would "keep the heart with all diligence" you must become habitual, not in your indulgences, but in your abstinences. We talk of "confirmed" drunkards. Let us talk more of "confirmed" abstainers. You read about the boy of eighteen who is "addicted" to the tobacco habit, as a warning; let us look at the man of sixty who is addicted to the doing without the dirty weed, as an inspiration. There is a holy side to routine, a saving grace in repetition. Let us make the Golden Rule a habit, sympathy a custom, truth-telling automatic. Let us habituate ourselves to the details of grace—the heaven-making "thank you;" the reconciling "if you please," spoken so often that they come to be the armor and the weapons of the heart.

Would you "keep the heart with all diligence?" learn to transfigure the commonplaces. Experience alone

will teach you that simple things are the great things; that near things are the most divine.

This sermon is dedicated to the twentieth Confirmation Class of All Souls Church. For twenty years you have turned receptive faces up to mine. I have seen the pure light of high intentions, of clear purposes, of human and humane sympathies shine in your eyes. I have watched you, my children, grow into young manhood and womanhood. Many of you have asked me to speak the word that consecrated you to the high tasks of home-making; some of you have brought your children to me for the baptism of this church and the dedications of religion. I have stood with many of you in your griefs beside open graves and have tried to speak words of hope and consolation over the silent forms of some of your number from which the spirit had flown; I have watched the majority of the pupils go out into the world of haste and hurry, of social anxieties and ambitions, I have seen them bargain for too many pre-occupations, too many previous engagements, too many things to see and to have, to leave a margin of time for the routines of their childhood; the Sunday habit, the church relation, the periodic invitations to the spirit, the weekly inflowing of the tides of the spirit. I have mourned over the absence of what I must believe a benign habit, and I wonder if the citadel of the heart has not suffered for want of the diligent keepings of such helping and holy habits. It is sad to see men and women in middle life grow indifferent to instrumentalities that were life-forming in their childhood and that will again, as they hope and intend, prove life-giving in old age.

Ah! there is saving power in a gracious habit, and I can think of no one habit that carries more benignity, safety and inspiration, than the habit not only of systematic attendance but of systematic support; of the co-operative life of the soul, the consecrations of self-denial on the part of the individual in the interest of the larger self—the church of the devout life.

I fear that the menace of the heart which brings about this laxity of conduct, this indifference to routine, the spasmodic and the chaotic administrations of one's spiritual interests, is the result of the unthinking explosions which make of Kundry the most weird, pathetic character in Wagner's great drama. She is the Wandering Jewess of the Christian legend. She was the happy, beautiful, winsome Jewish girl who laughed at the cross-burdened Master on his way to Calvary. That wanton laugh exiled here ever more from the communion of heaven and made of her a wandering witch throughout the ages. O how many lives are thus ostracized by the laughing-demon, the love of fun that drives out the love of truth, youth's passion for amusement, the tantalizing appetite "for a good time" that never is satisfied, never can be satisfied, that will never bring peace to the soul, and makes joy a stranger to the heart.

O let the undercurrent of your lives be serious, young men and women, if you would "keep the heart with all diligence." Beware of the "fraternities" and the sororities "that are committed to merriment, that undertake to fill your lives with joyous fellowship by ostracizing from your chosen circles the uncongenial, the stupid, the over-serious, ay, even those you may deem coarse and vicious. A longing to save and to help, rather than a desire to avoid and evade the unpleasant duties and persons will alone save you from the damnation of Kundry, who was at once a laughing fiend and a sobbing penitent, compelled to walk in one pair of shoes and to lie on one pillow throughout unnumbered alternations of hope and despair, of flippancy and shame.

May I name one more safeguard to the citadel of the heart? The most fatal diseases are atmospheric. The sewer gas that rises impalpable from the sewer, the malaria that lurks in the balmy air of mid-summer evenings, the bacteria of smallpox and the great white plague—tuberculosis, assail us without note of warning to any of our senses. Thus also the diseases of the spirit assail us. See well to the drainage, the ventilation, the atmosphere of the heart. O, my young friends, beware of the mephitic poison that blights without warning, weakens without giving alarm, debilitates the source of life! O, the sick spirits that droop around us for causes hard to determine because they are so near, so persistent, so silent. I have just plead for the value of a church habit. I close by pleading with you to seek the vitalizing atmosphere of the best. Make friends with the best, the noblest. Let the young seek the old as the aged should seek the young. Good health is contagious. Frequent the uplands of the spirit; seek the mountain air. Health is as contagious as disease. Bask in the sunshine of the noble. You cannot attend to the moral drainage, the spiritual ventilation, you cannot control the atmosphere of the soul by yourself any more than can you alone secure these sanitary conditions for the body. Keeping the heart is more and more a social problem. Morals and religion are more and more things of the plural number.

"This, then, is my last plea to you: "Keep your heart with all diligence"

By seeking wisdom—study.
By facing the problems of duty—struggle.
By regularity of your quest—habit.
By sober earnestness—seriousness.
And by bracing environment, the companionship of nobility—the church.

Margaret Brandt, Heroine of the Cloister and the Hearth.

A PAPER BY HARRIETTE TAYLOR TREADWELL, READ BEFORE THE NOVEL SECTION OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, APRIL 10, 1905.

"A great soul has passed into the tomb and there awaits the requiem of winter snows." Thus I began a paper on Jean Valjean years ago, when for the first time I wrote a paper for the novel section. Thus I write again:

"A great soul has passed into the tomb and there awaits the requiem." Margaret Brandt, a great awakened, noble soul, is dead, but her spirit will live forever in the hearts of countless millions, through her son, Erasmus, the Christian emancipator, leader and prophet. She is the noblest type of woman ever written of in fiction. She is worthy to be ranked side by side with the great-hearted noble Jean Valjean, but an added joy is ours in the fictionized Margaret, for "fiction added to fact" but makes one fact the more. There was a real Margaret who gave to the world—through travail and heart ache, a noble son—that son Erasmus, conceived in greatness and truest love. The cry of the father against the church in his passionate longing for his betrothed, was born with the child; the anguish and heart ache of the mother—her bitter thoughts, her hopeless yearnings nourished him months ere he came into the world. What wonder, then, that when Erasmus was born, "a shot was fired heard round the world?" He was to bring a grander conception of the all-Father into the world. He was to help in the breaking away from the papal control and in the breaking down of false gods, false notions, false estimates and false deeds.

Charles Reade himself will live for centuries, through his "Margaret Brandt," the most perfect type of womanhood we can conceive. A woman who never forgot to help the helpless, lift the fallen, cheer the hopeless and the lonely, forgive her enemies, love all souls that were in need, though the while her heart was torn with an unbearable haunting ache, that at times wellnigh overcame her.

"Margaret"—and that cry of anguish from the drowning, despairing Gerard, miles away, beyond the mountains, reached the loving heart of his beloved as she lay in her snowy bed, a breathing, precious baby by her side; a new light and a new love in her heart; and the calling of her name gave her added hope. "His father lives," she murmured. "He will come soon to his babe and to me."

Meanwhile of the dreary, cruel struggles, of the heartless prattle of idlers; of the bitter scathings of gossiping women, then as now; of the hours of torturing labor; of the months of grimping poverty; of the haunting fear; of the crushing of a brave soul; of the thousand demoniacal machinations to tear asunder a beautiful, loving, noble woman, we shall say but little, but we shall study Margaret after the return of Gerard as Clement; since the unfolding of her superb womanhood and the broadening of her great soul can be more clearly given from the latter part of the work, looking at her as we shall, very often, and very lovingly through the eyes of those who had come to adore her, for her unerring kindness, gentleness, unselfishness and love, and often, too, we shall look upon her with Gerard's eyes—Love's eyes, grown noble and spiritual, through subjugation of the senses, and the self. Hereafter, Margaret was to bear a terrible burden, and alone —unless Gerard should come to claim her as his own. "She slid from her chair to her knees and began to pray piteously to Margaret Van Eyck for pardon. From these words and the manner of penitence, a bystander would have gathered, she had inflicted some cruel wrong, some intolerable insult, upon her venerable friend." Margaret Van Eyck was haughty, but Richt, her servant, stood nobly and generously for Margaret Brandt in this her hour of deepest need and trial; while the impulsive Katherine, the speaking-before-thinking mother—folded her to her arms and claimed her as daughter. Thus Katherine wins her way into our skeptic hearts, and we never again—after this expression of gentleness toward her who was the beloved of her beloved Gerard dare turn a hard heart toward Katherine—wife of Eli. Never once in her heart did she think of Margaret as Gerard's leman, while Eli, the old father, held her so for long ere he came to love her for her true worth and nobility. It was then as now, ever the woman hath suffered the cruel taunts and buffet of the world, while the man has gone his way freely—"his wild oats considered as naught"—"a boy must be a boy." I had thought in taking this character of Margaret, that I could tell you of some of the cruel decoys and deceptions practiced here in this city to entrap the innocent girls and boys of the country, lured here to Chicago to their ruin, but the character of Margaret will admit of no such sidelight in our city of today. She was so pure and true, modest and altogether lovable and lovely, that no parallels can be drawn. Hers is the sad life of many a trusting, gentle woman, who suffers the stings and arrows of a whole world that she may bear her child and work for him, train him, and love him into doing noble service for the world. In fiction, was not Arthur Clennam nobly born, was not Erasmus greatest of the great?

We cannot understand why Gerard carried away her "marriage lines" to Italy. Perhaps it was his lover-notion that the lines held them closer, and Margaret would not seem so far away. It was a cruel mistake, nevertheless, and the anguish that came to Margaret through it can never be measured. How our hearts all warm toward Denys as he entered the public square at Rotterdam after his faithful hunt for her for months. There he stands, a quizzical good-natured dissipated soldier. He hears the other women calling out to the gentlest of maidens "ugly epithets," not the least ugly being "leman, leman." Then he beholds her violet eyes full of pain and chagrin, and he strides forward brandishing his trusty sword, muttering, "Ah—le diable n'est pas mort!"—"E'en as I thought, while such tormentors be—"

He silences their tongues. 'Tis she—Margaret—and Denys goes to her home, there to guard and to help until driven out by the redoubtable Katherine who later comes to care for Margaret when the babe is born.

The insistent, dogging, tormenting love of Luke Petersen for Margaret is the one thing that keeps her from becoming a very saint in the eyes of her readers, for who of us women folks have not had persistent, stupid beaux that tried our patience and destroyed all our temper? Here, Margaret was very human and never more clever than when finally she urged Richt to be gentle and extremely kind to Luke and win him for her own, while she, Margaret, would play the very demon of peevishness. "Speak not ill of me ever, Richt, but ever take my part, I'll be mean enough for myself," and the charm worked, and Luke found Richt his sunshine and Margaret his shadow. Then did Richt confess: "Aye, but I ever loved him and wanted him for my husband from the first day I set eye on him."

That man is greatest who strews the earth with friends, not with foes. Gerard won lasting life-long friends in every land from Holland to Italy and back again—true, devoted friends—from Andrea and Pietro Vanucci, Teresa and her cut-throat husband, to the countless parishioners and poor about Gouda vicarage.

Margaret—none knew truly, but to love her. Wherever she found a hurt, she healed it. Wherever she found heartache she comforted it, wherever she found hate she softened it. "With Margaret, unselfishness was an instinct. She gave generously of herself to others and finally found content and peace through this loving and giving.

"And so it came that one day the brave, helpful Clement—the holy father, returned and preached in Sevenbergen, that he might pray over the grave of his dead love. And Margaret wended her way to the church to hear the great preacher, unknowing.

"Here Margaret sat near the south aisle, bathed in a flood of sunshine. There with her auburn hair, bathed in sunbeams, and glittering like the gloriola of a saint, and her face glowing doubly in its own beauty and the sunshine it was set in—stood his dead love. She was leaning very lightly against a white column. She was listening with tender, downcast lashes. He had seen her listen so to him a hundred times. There was no change in her. This was the blooming Margaret he had left, only a shade more mature, and more lovely. The violet eyes dilated, the gentle bosom heaved, and her whole frame quivered like a leaf in the wind."

Then came the recognition. Then, as Margaret waited days and he did not come to her, she

wept out her anguish to God: "We are wading in deep waters, help thou us."

The growth of Eli's father love for her is interesting and sweet, from the time when he went first to see the new-born babe at Rotterdam, to the welcoming her forever as his daughter to his home—to his making a will in favor the tiny babe, to his waiting supper for her when she was late from the kirk—that was a test, indeed of a man's growing love. And Eli pondered all these things in his heart and grew wroth at her grievous wrongs. He felt the deep cruelty in Gerard's long absence, and he suffered, for he felt himself to be at deepest fault; and so when he saw her pained or lonely, he would call her to him and fold his arms about her, and she wept out her heart ache on his loving, sympathetic but awkward heart.

Then comes Ghysbrecht's repentance—a fortune is hers. The lands of Floris Brandt, her grandfather, are restored to her with interest. Clement has forgiven him. Then Margaret, even in her awful anguish of "Too late, too late," then she, too, forgives, as Clement did, and she forgives the wicked brothers and they call her in their hearts later, "a very saint." Then finally comes the discovery of the hermit, in which the baby, Gerard, comes victor and leads the half crazed dominican friar to the Gouda manse—secured for him by his devoted brother, Giles, the tiny dwarf with the big face and the loving heart, with a most discerning clever and intelligent mind that brought him all good things at court.

The latter part of the book is as full of sweet content, and quiet gentle loving and living, as natural then as now, as the first part is full of deeds that tried men's souls—of deepest unrest, of hazardous adventure, of harrowing escapes and horrible rapine and murder, of malice, treachery, cruelty and hatred without end.

Now, all has changed. The blue of heaven hovers over the earth in radiant sunshine, the green grass laughs up to the sky, its joy, the rippling waters of the pool near by flow gently on, the lands and forest sacred to birds and squirrels breathe freedom, content and infinite peace—peace that abideth forever?—ah, no.

Margaret was very proud of —if not quite happy in, the new vicar at Gouda. "She resolved never to let this young saint" forget heaven for her. She was a noble soul. She was absolutely without sin. Gerard, in his anguish had debauched and debased his body when in Rome, but Margaret never had done one deed of ill in all her beautiful life. And she died as bravely as she had lived—smitten by the plague in seeking to save her child. "Greater love hath no man than this." Gently Gerard committed her soul to peace—and to God.

Sweetly she closed her beautiful violet eyes, clasped her hands above her heart, and murmuring "Jesu," her soul floated out into the great beyond. Then the gentle husband, husband long before he was priest, fell beside her—his beloved of the world—in a swoon of grief. When he followed her to the graveyard of his vicarage, and stood beside her coffin as it was lowered into the earth—then burst his loving heart; two weeks later, confessed and pardoned by the stern Jerome, the inflexible, the unyielding, the gentle Gerard, the all-loving, passed on to meet her, the love of his life.

Thus were there two devoted lovers united in death, whom life had kept asunder so long. Write over his grave: "Clement;" write over hers: "Madonna Margaret."

Into the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

"Into the warp of the days that are done, O God, have we woven the woof of our being.
Disheartened, unthinking, we say that the days that are done, are done.
Father of days, in whose hand all days are at hand, with Thy tools have we toiled all Thy days that are done.
In the gladness of hope, in the sadness of death, have we sought for Thy truth in the days that are done.
On the stones of the past have we builded our stent of the stairway that leadeth to Thee.
The mortar is mixed with our tears; uneven the stone and ill fitted, scarred by faulty strokes of the chisel, but grand is the structure Thou buildest thro us, out of our days that are done."

The middle and last days of April were closing days in the home that has sheltered All Souls Church for eighteen years and more. But every ending is also a beginning, and so these closing days which could not miss a touch of sadness were speedily turned into glad Commencement days under the new roof of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, which opened its hospitable doors to receive the pilgrim church. On the 16th Mr. Jones preached his annual confirmation class sermon from the text chosen by the class: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." The congregation was largely and hopefully made up of young people, for a special invitation had been sent by the pastor to all the members of the confirmation class alumni, now numbering over two hundred, who live within call, and a good number of them were present for this farewell service. The minister expressed the hope that the change might be made with little emphasis of an external nature. It is only the old home moving into a new house. He said in his invocation: "We stand this morning, Father, in the presence of blessed memories and on the threshold of great opportunities. We await the blessings we may not ask, for want of wisdom and defect of courage. But of all the blessings thou hast in store for us, may there be the one blessing that carries with it the grateful heart—grateful for the lives that thou hast blessed us with; grateful for the days in which it has been given us to toil; grateful for the sweat and the agony; grateful for the thrust and the spear that have cleft the brow and pierced the heart that thereby a more loving estimate, a more heroic purpose, a more tender sense of companionship should invest us. We thank thee for the past and we await the blessings of the future. Amen."

On Friday evening, the 21st, the usual Good Friday Memorial was held with a service more than usually tender and impressive, for the one thought underlying all others in every heart was that of farewell to the church home that had served us so long and so well. The figure that fitted this removal in the Pastor's mind was that of dying, with something of the pain and sorrow that attend all death, but dying, let us hope, into the joy of a fuller and a nobler life.

Saturday, April 22, the Sunday-school gave the children their Easter party. The serious part of the entertainment consisted of a review of the studies of the year by means of a collection of surpassingly beautiful stereopticon pictures illustrating life in the ancient East from Egypt to Japan. After this the children were allowed a jolly romp with singing, marching, playing of games, a jug-breaking which netted more than fifty dollars for the furnishing of the Sunday-school rooms in the new building, refreshments, and a merry hunt which was rewarded by rich finds of Easter eggs carefully hidden in the most conspicuous places. Not all the associations of the children with All Souls Church should be serious, but we trust all will be loving and tender.

On Sunday, the 23d, the Abraham Lincoln Centre

was opened for the first time for the Easter service and the spacious auditorium was filled to its limit. The stately building, with its massive architecture of honest steel and brick, without a line for effect or an unneeded arch for beauty, trusting in the belief, as the Pastor said, that what is adapted to use cannot fail of being beautiful, was put on trial. The auditorium is unique in shape and if there had been fears in the minds of any for its acoustic properties they were speedily set at rest, for every word was distinctly audible in the farthest corners of the room. The yellow brick facings, with the rich dark brown of the severely plain weathered oak trimmings, produced a harmony delightful to the eye and restful to the spirit. If you have ever been half resentful at the darkening of the light of day as it filtered through stained windows into "dim cathedral aisles," and so have been tempted to flee from the temples of man to worship in God's first temples, you would have rejoiced in the yellow glass of these windows, distilling a flood of amber light and glorifying the very sunlight on this tender April morning.

Easter day is always children's day in All Souls Church, and all of the front seats in the main part of the church were given over to the Sunday-school. There was no formal sermon. The service was largely responsive and much of it spontaneous. The Pastor opened the service with an invocation which closed with the words: "Here may brotherhood be more fully realized, duty more clearly seen, life more worthily glorified." Then followed the reading of the lines at the head of this column, from the pen of William Kent, and then the Easter service from the "Unity Festival" was repeated for the twenty-second time, certainly with cumulative power and effect on those who have been permitted to take part in many of the repetitions, and perhaps—who can tell?—indirectly even upon the children, who are only now coming into this inheritance of beauty.

Fourteen little ones were brought by their parents for christening. "Into and with the love of this church I baptize you," was the formula, if formula it may be called which was so elastic and so easily varied, "and with this water, pure symbol of the love of God, I christen you ———— ————, and may this name through you become very blessed to many." One of the children was a little colored babe, and its mother was one of the twenty-five adults who came forward a little later to receive the right hand of fellowship from the pastor and a welcome to the membership of this creedless church, a church which, in the words of the minister, "has a center but no circumference," a church whose only condition of membership is the applicant's conscious need of the helpfulness of such a church. Several of the number were children of the church who had only been waiting for the sixteenth year to round out the probation time when they should begin consciously to help in bearing the burdens as well as sharing the privileges of the church.

On these festival days, of which we celebrate four during the year, the minister is wont to say that the children do the preaching, and this time a part of the sermon was preached by one of the boys of the confirmation class alumni who recited the following lines written by "A. A. O.," another member of the congregation:

TO THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

"Worthy its name! O God, can we
Ask for this house we raise to thee
A finer test, a higher fame,
Than that it shameth not its name?
Broad as the deep and changing sea,—
Its corner-stone Integrity;
Simple as he,—as plain,—as true,—
O give us strength like him—*to do!*
The flag he loved o'er it shall fly,
White-rimmed, since Peace is our ally;
And may through it his prophet name,—
To which each age brings added fame,—
Stand for the new Beatitude
Of man's eternal brotherhood."

Mr. Jones then read a telegram of congratulation from William C. Gannett, of Rochester, New York, one of the oldest and best friends of this church and its Pastor—"Joy to you and yours in your new church home." There was but one thing to do next, and that was to sing Mr. Gannett's well-known hymn, "The Crowning Day is Coming," and this was done by Miss Jennie Johnson in the solo, the congregation joining in the chorus.

At the close of the service the three lower floors of the building, with its basement for manual training, its first floor containing the library, parlors, pastor's study and work rooms, and second and third floors constituting the auditorium, were thrown open for inspection and many availed themselves of the opportunity. The fourth, fifth and sixth floors, designed for parsonage, rooms for resident workers, club rooms, service rooms and gymnasium, will require some weeks more for their completion.

This first day in the new building was rounded out in the afternoon by the minister's annual vesper reading of Browning's "Soul," whose noble lines, so lovingly rendered, could scarcely fail to sink deep into hearts already softened by the tender morning hour, stirring them to the high living which is the blossom and fruit of high thinking and noble feeling.

The pipe organ and permanent seating are still delayed, but it is hoped that the next few weeks may see them in place. Active preparations are now being made for a fitting dedication to be held the last days of May and first days of June in connection with a conference of the Congress of Religion, of which further announcements will appear at an early day in UNITY.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Sky Sermons.

IV.—THE SUN AND THE MOON.

The glory of the sunlight and the balm of the moonlight! We accept these experiences as a matter of course, but if we had traveled a thousand miles to watch the sun flush the mountains, or make a million diamonds flash on the ocean, we would wait breathless until the world became flooded with light. How many even think that there would be no sunset without a sunrise, and no gradual awakening of the world, no "fresh beginning," without first the going to sleep?

After a night of sorrow, perhaps, the dawn comes to us as a comfort, and as an incentive to take up life again bravely and fearlessly.

But when the "day is done," and the silver crescent hangs up in the sky, or the phantom moon comes out of the ocean, then the peace of the night calls to us, and our souls are refreshed with the balm of the moonlight. Is it not well worth an early awakening some morning to behold the beauty of the dawn in the eastern sky?

The deep blue background and the morning stars quivering in the heavens; the crescent hanging like a golden lamp above the dark pines; the reluctant departing of the night, and the swift oncoming of the day.

Without the sunlight, there could be no shadows. No long shadows of a late summer afternoon; no dancing shadows chasing each other up and down the mountain sides. Are they not symbolic of the lights and shadows in our own lives? Without the darkness we could not appreciate the light. Therefore, let us look up, and open our eyes to the miracles of the sky.

ETHELIND MERRITT.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—A man may be wrecked, as is a ship. Conscience is an anchor. It is a terrible thing, but like the anchor, Conscience may be carried away.

MON.—To look fortune in the face is the duty of every one not an idiot; to seek not to understand, but to act.

TUES.—Where duty is clear, to put one's self questions is to suffer defeat.

WED.—The suicide of the soul is evil thought.

THURS.—Man can never be more than a wave; humanity is the ocean.

FRI.—Disillusion, like a bow, shoots its arrow, man, towards the True.

SAT.—Conjecture is an inclined plane, on which we slip too far to be to our own advantage.

—From The Man Who Laughs, by Victor Hugo.

Picciola.

Many years ago there was a poor gentleman shut up in one of the great prisons of France. His name was Charney, and he was very sad and unhappy. He had been put into prison wrongfully, and it seemed to him as though there was no one in the world who cared for him.

He could not read, for there were no books in the prison. He was not allowed to have pens or paper, and so he could not write. The time dragged slowly by. There was nothing that he could do to make the days seem shorter. His only pastime was walking back and forth in the paved prison yard. There was no work to be done, no one to talk with.

One fine morning in spring, Charney was taking his walk in the yard. He was counting the paving stones, as he had done a thousand times before. All at once he stopped. What had made that little mound of earth between two of the stones?

He stooped down to see. A seed of some kind had fallen between the stones. It had sprouted; and now a tiny green leaf was pushing its way up out of the ground. Charney was about to crush it with his foot, when he saw that there was a kind of soft coating over the leaf.

"Ah!" said he. "This coating is to keep it safe. I must not harm it." And he went on with his walk.

The next day he almost stepped upon the plant before he thought of it. He stooped to look at it. There were two leaves now, and the plant was much stronger and greener than it was the day before. He staid by it a long time, looking at all its parts.

Every morning after that Charney went at once to his little plant. He wanted to see if it had been chilled by the cold, or scorched by the sun. He wanted to see how much it had grown.

One day as he was looking from his window he saw the jailer go across the yard. The man brushed so close to the little plant that it seemed as though he would crush it. Charney trembled from head to foot.

"O my Picciola!" he cried.

When the jailer came to bring his food, he begged the grim fellow to spare his little plant. He expected that the man would laugh at him; but although a jailer, he had a kind heart.

"Do you think that I would hurt your little plant?" he said. "No, indeed! It would have been dead long ago, if I had not seen that you thought so much of it."

"That is very good of you, indeed," said Charney. He felt half ashamed at having thought the jailer unkind.

Every day he watched Picciola, as he had named the plant. Every day it grew larger and more beautiful. But once it was almost broken by the huge feet of the jailer's dog. Charney's heart sank within him.

"Picciola must have a house," he said. "I will see if I can make one."

So, though the nights were chilly, he took, day by day, some part of the firewood that was allowed him, and with this he built a little house around the plant.

The plant had a thousand pretty ways which he noticed. He saw how it always bent a little toward the sun; he saw how the flowers folded their petals before a storm.

He had never thought of such things before, and yet he had often seen whole gardens of flowers in bloom.

One day, with soot and water he made some ink; he spread out his handkerchief for paper; he used a sharpened stick for a pen—and all for what? He felt that he must write down the doings of his little pet. He spent all his time with the plant.

"See my lord and my lady!" the jailer would say when he saw them.

As the summer passed by, Picciola grew more lovely every day. There were no fewer than thirty blossoms on its stem.

But one sad morning it began to droop. Charney did not know what to do. He gave it water, but still it drooped. The leaves were withering. The stones of the prison yard would not let the plant live.

Charney knew that there was but one way to save his treasure. Alas! how could he hope that it might be done? The stones must be taken up at once.

But this was a thing which the jailer dared not do. The rules of the prison were strict, and no stone must be moved. Only the highest officers in the land could have such a thing done.

Poor Charney could not sleep. Picciola must die. Already the flowers had withered; the leaves would soon fall from the stem.

Then a new thought came to Charney. He would ask the great Napoleon, the emperor himself, to save his plant.

It was a hard thing for Charney to do—to ask a favor of the man whom he hated, the man who had shut him up in this very prison. But for the sake of Picciola he would do it.

He wrote his little story on his handkerchief. Then he gave it into the care of a young girl, who promised to carry it to Napoleon. Ah! if the poor plant would only live a few days longer!

What a long journey that was for the young girl! What a long, dreary waiting it was for Charney and Picciola!

But at last news came to the prison. The stones were to be taken up. Picciola was saved!

The emperor's kind wife had heard the story of Charney's care for the plant. She saw the handkerchief on which he had written of its pretty ways.

"Surely," she said, "it can do us no good to keep such a man in prison."

And so, at last, Charney was set free. Of course he was no longer sad and unloving. He saw how God had cared for him and the little plant, and how kind and true are the hearts of even rough men. And he cherished Picciola as a dear, loved friend whom he could never forget.—*From Fifty Famous Stories Retold by James Baldwin.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF ETHICAL SOCIETIES.—The French *Union pour l'action Morale* has joined the International organization of the ethical culture movement and its April Bulletin gives large place to a general report from the new international secretary, Gustav Spiller of London, with some introductory remarks from the French *Union*.

The time seems opportune, says the French society, for entering into closer relations with organizations which seem to resemble our own, for we know as individuals the initiators and leaders of the ethical movement in Europe and the United States, and we believe in them. They are free men and good coöperators. They are not doing exactly what we aim to do, nor what it would be possible to do in France, but this underlying purpose we have in common: to establish a training for life conformable to reason, independent of all theology; to explain it by free and open discussion, to give it warmth by the love we put into it; to make it effective and progressive through mutual support; to teach it systematically; to apply it through custom, laws, or even, if that is proved right, by revolution. To be sure in France we do things more meagerly, more inwardly, in the old Cartesian and Port Royalist fashion. The colossal façades conceived by the Americans awaken in us more of curiosity than emulation; but, after all, it is well that each should act according to his nature. It is advantageous to us to collect even the remote experiences. That shows us what is universal and what local in our own activity; a good apprenticeship in criticism. Lastly, it is consistent with our own ideals, day by day confirmed, of being internationalists.

The international secretary's report opens with the hopeful prospect of another International Ethical Congress, after an interval of nine years, for which the English and American Societies have agreed on London, September, 1906, as the place and date. The plan provides for two congresses: one convened directly by the executive committee of the International Federation of Ethical Societies; the other conjointly with societies interesting themselves in practical or theoretical questions of an ethical nature. This latter will discuss not merely fundamental principles but also definite problems of applied ethics. The subject of ethical instruction which so largely occupies the attention of European and American ethical societies will probably receive especial study.

Should the congress decide in favor of an active propaganda, there will be an effort to affiliate societies having similar aims and to arrange lecture circuits for the purpose of extending their field of action. A proposal has been made to admit as associate members those giving financial or other aid to the international movement, giving them certain privileges. The publication of an Ethical Annual has also been suggested.

Up to this time the secretary of the International Federation published reports on the international movement; at first in German, English and French, then in German and French, finally in German only, the intervals between growing longer and longer. In place of this very expensive method, it is now decided that the secretary shall ask for the insertion of his report in the periodicals published by the different ethical groups. This proposal has been courteously accepted by those in charge of the following publications: America, *Ethical Addresses and Ethical Record;* England, *Ethics;* France, *Bulletin de l'Union pour l'Action Morale;* and Austria, *the Mitteilungen* of the Ethical Society of Vienna.

A brief survey of the movement in individual countries follows, the United States holding first place. In New York the new building for the School of Ethical Culture is described. Attention is called to the general report on the ethical instruction given in the school, which appeared in the last number of the *Ethical Record*. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer's projected five year course of lectures for girls and young women is outlined. The engagement of Mr. Leslie Willis Sprague by the New York society, and his position as secretary of the new committee of propaganda, are noted; and the at least temporary abandonment of the *Ethical Record*, due to pressure of other work, is regretted. Its field will be partially covered by *Ethical Addresses*, under the fusion title *Ethical Addresses and Ethical Record*, and by the *International Journal of Ethics*.

In Chicago the chief interest is the new building for the Henry Booth settlement. Of the $25,000 needed for its construction only $2,400 are lacking and it is hoped that amount will soon be raised. Mr. Sheldon's series of volumes for the ethical instruction of the young is the contribution from St. Louis. So much of Mr. Sheldon's work has appeared in the columns of UNITY that it needs no introduction here.

The Philadelphia society has arranged a course of lectures in the ethical teaching given by the different religious communions of the world, the different religions being represented by eminent specialists. Two of these notable addresses have appeared in the *International Journal of Ethics*, and it is hoped that all will be published.

Turning to foreign countries, Germany receives first attention. Prof. W. Foerster is president and leader of the German movement. The Society is said to concern itself principally with the establishing and maintaining of free libraries and reading rooms, the giving of popular entertainments and the organizing of lecture courses given by resident lecturers, or ones sent out from the headquarters. These latter are a special feature of the German movement and a special effort is being made to raise an ample fund for the payment of these traveling lecturers. Some recent ethical publications are mentioned: Dr. A. Doering's *Handbuch der Natürlich-Mensehlichen Sittenlehre für Eltern und Erzieher*, received part of a prize offered by the society for an ethical text-book. Dr. R. Penzig, editor of *Ethische Kultur* and secretary of the Berlin branch of the society, is author of a little work which caught my attention not long ago in the John Crerar Library: *Ernste Antworten auf Kinderfragen*. Another work of his just out is *Zum Kulturkampf um die Schule*. The society has decided to circulate in systematic fashion a pamphlet entitled *Konfessionelle oder Weltliche Schule?*

In England, thanks largely to the organizing ability of Dr. Stanton Coit, the Association of Ethical Societies, which consisted of four societies in 1896, now embraces twenty-three. Four societies have been formed in London since September and will probably soon join the Association. The rapid growth of the movement makes a great demand for lecturers, as the weekly lecture is the rule in all the societies. Miss Zona Vallance, a most devoted worker, who had been secretary of the East London Ethical Society, the League for Moral Instruction and the Association of English Ethical Societies, died last December at the age of forty-three. She was also a lecturer and one of the editors of *Ethics*.

In Switzerland the only ethical society at present is the one at Lausanne, led by Prof. Forel. It has no literary activity, but devotes itself to lectures and social work. Its first undertaking, a *Maison du Peuple*, succeeds admirably under the direction of Dr. Suter-Ruffy, vice-president of the society. This Swiss League has also been active in the work of school reform and has brought about the formation of a Federation of Vaudois Societies for Popular Education.

The Vienna society celebrated its tenth anniversary last December. Its *Mitteilungen* (which have appeared from the beginning and have reached seventy numbers) published a survey of the work accomplished during the decade, prepared by the secretary, William Boerner. The work of the society is directed by groups or sections: The Pedagogical, Social and Literary.

In Italy the ethical movement has been on the decline, centering principally now about the Popular University at Venice, but Prof. Levi Morenos writes that reorganization is in progress and the Ethical Society hopes to be represented at the coming Congress.

In France the most noteworthy development is the serious attention given to questions of the day. These have been the subject of earnest discussion at a series of monthly meetings held by the Union for Moral Action, and its semi-monthly publication has recognized the development of this feature by appearing alternately as the *Bulletin* we are familiar with, and in the new form of *Libres Entretiens*, or reports of these discussions. These, in the present crisis, have naturally been devoted to a systematic consideration of the problems involved in the separation of church and state.

Japan has its ethical society, founded in 1895 at Tokio, and in full activity. One of its founders, Mr. Tokimo Yokoï, lectured some years ago before the societies of Philadelphia, New York and Chicago.

A society at Auckland, New Zealand, is also reported, organized on the English model. M. E. H.

The Field.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Many readers of UNITY will be glad to learn that the Independent Congregational Society of this place has secured the services of Rev. F. H. Bodman, recently of the First Congregational Church of Rockford, Illinois. What is Rockford's loss is Battle Creek's gain. Mr. Bodman is a Congregationalist in the true sense of the word—a Congregationalist without dogmatic reservations or theological boundaries. His Congregationalism is the religious organization that has a center but no boundaries. We congratulate our friends in Battle Creek and rejoice in Mr. Bodman's new opportunity.

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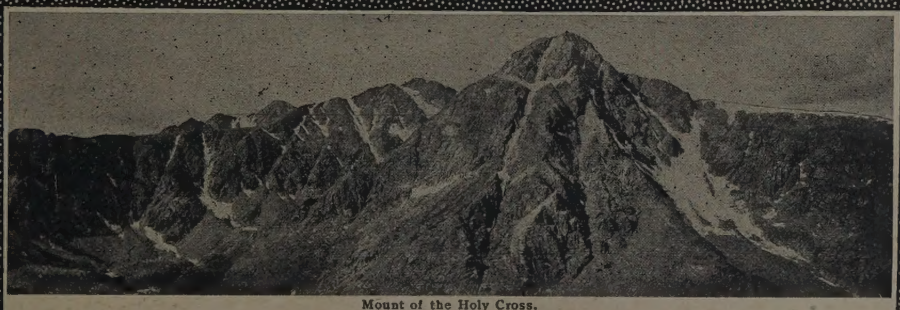

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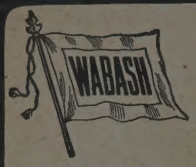

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